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**The German Threat of War**

There is an extremely reminiscent note in the arguments of those pacifistic folk who smile in a superior fashion at French fears of German attack. They are, in fact, exactly the same people who scoffed at the thought of war in the halcyon days before 1914. "Why build a navy? Why have an army? For these many reasons your fears are absurd." And then they would explain that neither international finance nor labor would permit a war, and other clinching arguments that were suddenly hushed in a certain month of August.

M. Clemenceau is now seen not to have exaggerated in the least the facts as to the German threat. He did not prophesy war immediately or soon. He did not say that Germany was completely armed or on the march. All he asserted was that Germany's will to war was as lively as ever, and that in so far as Allied supervision could be avoided she had prepared and was preparing. All this has been abundantly confirmed from other sources. And it is enough. France, left alone by her allies, would be utterly mad not to guard herself against such a danger.

The anti-preparation folk always talk as if they had proved their case, once they have shown that war is remote or unlikely. They seem to think that because modern civilization has reduced the causes and chances of war, therefore any military preparation against it is absurd. Apply the same reasoning to danger from fireproofed in every known way; the chance of fire in them is reduced to a very long shot. Yet we still have strict fire drills to meet that long shot, and anybody who advocates ending them would be run out of town. We should look upon a war drill in exactly the same spirit.

There are ample facts in Germany to demand France's military preparedness. If America had the same eastern frontier and the same neighbor east thereof instead of the Atlantic Ocean for frontier and neighbor we would unquestionably take the same steps, and in so doing we would feel that we were merely taking common sense precautions to preserve peace.

**Wrecking Restriction**

The attempt of Messrs. Lodge, Wadsworth and Sterling to introduce sentimentality into the immigration law may well have had results. They have asked that the refugees from Turkey be permitted to enter this country without regard to the immigration quotas.

The appeal will naturally be supported by some Americans. They remember the old boast that America is the haven of the oppressed, and they see many homeless sufferers in the Near East. Why not, say they, bring them to our shores?

Pitiable as is the condition of these refugees, there are other and better ways of caring for them than by transporting them to America. Besides, there is the difficulty that is sure to arise if the United States discriminates in their favor and does not in the case of others. Why should it not make a like exception for the suffering people in Poland and Germany and Italy and China?

In the present instance the fact that their troubles have been more spectacular than usual and have been more widely reported is the principal reason for this movement in their favor.

The people of the United States have the deepest sympathy for these suffering exiles. They have expressed this sympathy in the relief which they have extended to the sufferers through the Red Cross and other charitable organizations. They will doubtless use their influence to have as much as possible done in their behalf.

abandoning this principle by making exceptions for a particular group of sufferers on a particular occasion. The precedent once established could only end in the complete breaking down of the percentage principle.

**Ireland Goes Free**

It is a striking fact that two poets, William Butler Yeats and George Russell, are to sit in the first Senate of the Irish Free State. Here is a good symbol of that mystic beauty which has led Irish patriots onward to their present success, the actual launching of Ireland as a self-governing dominion.

The prayers and good wishes of Americans will follow the new ship of state. It has been through stormy waters in its years of trial. Rebellion still stalks its decks. Open water and fair winds still lie below the horizon. But it is the strength of a people bred in mysticism and the speech of poetry that their courage thrives on disaster. Only Irishmen could persist in a blind, mislead battle as do the followers of De Valera; only Irishmen could fight and fight down, with the ruthlessness needed, such fanaticism.

After all, a little more poetry might not hurt some governments we could think of. George Russell, better known to his readers as "E. J." is a student of land tenure, the greatest expert upon Ireland's vexed agricultural problems, as well as the creator of mystical verse among the best that modern Ireland has produced. Ireland can be expected to mix poetry with her laws as long as she is Ireland. But who knows that she may not some day reach a state all the better therefor and, confounding all her prosaic critics, live as end the fairy stories, happily ever after?

**Tammany Spite**

The Tammany type of sportsmanship is pretty well shown in the denial of a re-election to the board of governors of the Democratic Club to Professor Leslie J. Tompkins, of New York University.

Mr. Tompkins has long been associated with Tammany and was a member of its law committee up to the last campaign; but he could not stomach Murphy's action in throwing Surrogate Cohan off the ticket for purely personal reasons, and in the campaign he denounced this action and enlisted in Judge Cohan's support.

Tammany controls the Democratic Club, and either by Murphy's orders or with the purpose of currying favor with him his henchmen have, as they suppose, "got even" with Professor Tompkins.

**An Amphibious Tank**

The new amphibious tank which is as much at home in the Hudson River or clambering up the Palisades as it is on Riverside Drive is an invention after the heart of H. G. Wells. It has the capabilities of the early reptilian monsters which he so sympathetically describes and the possibilities of working destruction more effectively even than the engines of war which he pictured in his novels. The only qualities that it lacks are the ability to fly and the power to burrow in the earth like a mole.

As a development of a weapon that proved of great value during the fighting in Flanders this new amphibious tank is a matter of no small importance. It was designed to combine three qualities—speed on good roads, which it achieves without the use of the tractor appliances; climbing ability, and the power to cover bad ground which the caterpillar tanks possess and the ability to cross rivers and streams. The value of being able to make greater speed than the normal tractor is open to debate. There are some who claim that tanks need not move faster than the accompanying and following troops of support. Others emphasize the value for mobilization purposes of tanks able to cover large distances behind the front in a short time.

The swimming power, however, is probably the most interesting innovation. Other experiments have, of course, been made with land vehicles that could also readily move in the water, but of those on a large scale this holds most promise. If it retains its powers after considerable use and does not begin to leak after it has been run a few miles, and if, furthermore, it can be built and operated at a reasonable cost, it may well become a weapon of real importance in case of a new war.

**Aids to Conversation**

The Hackensack seer who has prognosticated a warm December because a flock of blackbirds roosted in his yard the other night has the merit of being candid. The birds were chattering vociferously, but he admits that he could not make out whether they were talking of going north or south. They departed after dark without lighting their tail lights, so that he had no way of seeing which direction they took. Nevertheless their very presence, says he, means a prolonged warm season. This prophet belongs to the same

school as those who tell of the cold winters of the days that are no more. Blizzards, as every one knows, are things of the past, seen only by the oldest inhabitants or read of in books of long ago. The snows of today are like the beer of to-day. Even ice isn't what it used to be. It's all the fault of the Gulf Stream, which, according to our best amateur scientists, has moved nearer to the coast.

When these disciples of the back-to-the-good-old-days movement are questioned by scientists they resent the imputation that they have forgotten the ordinary winters and that as the blizzards were the exceptions these were remembered and talked about for years.

So with the weather diviners. The fact that the last time blackbirds roosted or the ground-hog came out or the geese flew over Hoboken the weather paid no attention to these manifestations is of no interest to them. Likewise they resent the claim of scientists that many a bird has been found frozen to death because it had not migrated in accordance with the demands of the weather.

But it cannot be said of these seers and tale-tellers that they live in vain. Theirs is a gift of social value to almost every member of society. They add elasticity to the weather as a topic of talk, and so relieve many a moment of embarrassment.

**The Ticket-Speculating Evil**

Last winter the Legislature passed and the Governor signed a bill prohibiting theater ticket speculators from charging more for each ticket than 50 cents in advance of the box office prices. A penalty of fine or imprisonment for violation was provided. The constitutionality of the bill is now under attack in the courts. Meanwhile the speculators pay no heed to it.

The purpose of the present agitation by the producing managers is twofold. First, they seek to prevent the raising of prices beyond the 50-cent advance charged by ticket dealers operating large offices. Second, they want to stop the practice of selling cut-rate tickets—which are sold by one large firm for plays which are not "selling out." They believe that both purposes can be accomplished by opening a central ticket office, on the plan of the central railroad ticket offices that were opened by the government during the war and are still operated by the railroads.

The chief concern the public has in the matter is to end gouging by speculators, who buy up in advance large blocks of tickets for successes and sell them for whatever they can make the public pay. It is the contention of the managers that they have no power themselves to stop this practice. Anybody, they insist, can buy tickets at the box office in any quantity. If these purchases are made by sharks they have no choice but to deliver the tickets through the window.

A decision of the Court of Appeals upholding the constitutionality of the law passed last winter will result, it is believed, in ending the business of the sharks. If the law is upheld the only remedy seems to be a central ticket office honestly maintained by all of the producing managers.

**The Children's Aid Society**

The Children's Aid Society, in its seventeenth annual report, presents with pardonable pride a report made by the department of city welfare of the society's health campaign inaugurated three years ago. The survey was made to determine the value of efforts to combat the malnutrition which prevails among the children in the congested quarters of the city. The improvement in the health of the children reached by the society has been so remarkable that other organizations are studying the methods adopted.

When it is realized that 4,900 children daily attend the ten health school centers of the Children's Aid the extent of the work may be imagined. These children are handicapped by heart trouble, anemia or deformity, and are given special food, care and instruction to fit their respective needs. There are also four day nurseries conducted on the same lines. Not the least interesting part of this work is the co-operation of the parents, mostly foreign born, as soon as they really understand what it is all about. That their children should drink milk instead of tea and coffee fills them with surprise, but they are not slow to notice the difference in health that follows.

The boys' welfare department, the report says, needs not only money but the help of young men to manage the athletics and encourage the right sort of "gang" spirit. The court records of the city show that 76 per cent of male offenders are under twenty-one years of age. This fact alone should inspire interest in the preventive work of the society, as most of these lawless ones lack the harmless but joyful activities of normal boy life. The placing of deserted and orphaned children in individual homes throughout the country is another department of the Children's Aid Society that emphasizes the good sense of its operations. Two hundred and sixty-five children last

year were brought to the society from institutions and by social workers. Homes were found for them where they could obtain the best of care and opportunities. And they are not bestowed here and there and forgotten, but they are considered wards of the society until it is certain that their foster parents are all that could be desired.

**Metropolitan Maine**

Perhaps because Maine was a prohibition state before William Allen White was born or William J. Bryan began to chivy the Demon Rum before him she desires to supply to her forty-seven sister states a wholesome example in law enforcement.

At any rate, she has enacted a dry law which makes even the appearance of evil a punishable offense. The extent of her unselfishness in this matter is shown by the fact that in carrying out her purpose she has placed under the ban one of her chief products, to wit, ice.

Because in the old, evil days ice clinked in the pitcher as the boy came down the hall, cooled the leadily highball and was pulverized to chill the iniquitous cocktail it may not be served on restaurant tables, even with such utterly innocuous drinks as water.

The State of Maine man who desires to allay his thirst must get his water out of a cooler or take it at the temperature of the tap. Let him so much as drop in a piece of ice, and he finds himself outside the law. And this applies to lemonade and ginger ale and even milk-shake. There once was a mean-minded paragrapher who prophesied that after the Volstead law became effective a man would have to travel clear to Maine to get a drink. Perhaps it was resentment of jibes of that sort that caused the state to resolve to be in the future like Caesar's wife.

**More Truth Than Poetry**  
By James J. Montague

The Wiser Course  
So humbly the populace worshipped the crown  
In the days of the Ottoman rule,  
That a man who'd suggest that the Sultan step down  
Was fed to the dogs of Stamboul.  
When the dogs had consumed half a hundred of such,  
And polished each traitorous bone,  
No person whose prudence amounted to much  
Made wanton attacks on the throne.

Whenever the Sultan was pleased with a maid  
(Which he was every fortnight or two)  
To his glittering palace she straight was conveyed  
And the wedding bells jangled away.  
And though her young man and her parents might feel  
That such things were not all for the best,  
All show of annoyance they strove to conceal,  
For they knew what it meant to protest.

But now when a citizen says with a frown  
To his dinner companions some night—  
"It's time that the Sultan was run out of town!"  
The others cry fiercely, "That's right."  
And the Sultan, as soon as he hears the bad news,  
Cuts his twentieth honeymoon short,  
And promptly embarks on an aeroplane cruise  
For a Mediterranean port.

For the Sultan, in spite of the gems on his fez,  
Is a cautious and sensible lad,  
And he knows that the folks to the north of Suez  
Are a murderous lot when they're mad.  
He may hate to go off to some mean little town  
For all of the rest of his days,  
Without any harem or sceptre or crown,  
But he knows he'll be dead if he stays.

**Spoken in Haste**

Senator McCormick's observation that in this country "there is a job for every man" was made before the last election separated a number of gentlemen from their positions with Uncle Sam.

**A Large Order**

As far as we are able to gather, we will not be able to satisfy M. Clemenceau unless we send an army over to annihilate what is left of Germany.

**Any State Will Do**

Perhaps one reason why so many women kill their husbands is that if they tried to divorce them instead they would have to go all the way to Reno.

**Sing Sing's Show**

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: According to the report in this morning's Tribune the prisoners at Sing Sing are to present a musical show called "Honey Girl" for four days and the public is to be admitted. Prisoners are to perform in female costume and names of actors are given. This is the most outrageous of a series of outrages. Sing Sing prison is advertised with the promise of a series of performances. Instead of filling its proper function as a place of punishment for convicted felons it is a happy hunting ground for musky cranks and sentimentalists. JOHN G. FURDIE.  
New York, Dec. 6, 1922.

**The Lantern**  
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We have just been writing a Preface—a Preface and Re-Dedication—for a new edition of "The Cruise of the Jasper B." which will be issued before very long. We are short of copy . . . it would almost fill a column . . . in short, the temptation to print it in the paper before we slap it into the front of the novel is more than we can resist.

**Preface to A Second Edition, and Re-Dedication**

A friend who read this book five or six years ago told me that while it was a pretty good adventure story he thought he could detect a spirit of levity in certain places. I tried to persuade him that this was intentional on my part, but he would not believe me.

"No," he said, looking at me solemnly, "I do not think you were conscious of it; I think it crept into the book out of your subconscious mind in spite of you."

This set me to thinking—always a dangerous process for the author of a story of adventure—with the result that I am now not at all certain whether the levity got into the book from my conscious mind or from my subconscious mind. Sometimes when I read the story—and I read it frequently, for I admire it very much—I am so carried away by the sweep and speed of the narrative that I almost miss the levity entirely.

The first edition was dedicated "to all the copy-readers on all the newspapers of America." This was not merely affection on my part; it was calculation as well. I reckoned that there must be thousands of copy-readers in America, and that they would all of them be so pleased and flattered by the dedication that each would buy a book for himself, and then go and buy another copy to give to some one at Christmas. And this would happen Christmas after Christmas, I thought.

More than that, copy-readers who were bringing up their sons to be copy-readers (and it is a strange fact, which I present to the sociologists for what it is worth, that all copy-readers wish their sons also to be copy-readers) would give their sons this book. It seemed to me that I was made, not only in a literary way but financially, by this one happy stroke.

But the copy-readers of America have not responded. Other persons have read the book, thousands of them, but so far as I have been able to gather not one single copy-reader has ever perused it. Or, if they have, they will not talk about it. Copy-readers to whom I have actually given copies never mention it again. I am not angry about this, but I confess that I am disappointed. The book is a good book, and they ought to be damned glad it was dedicated to them, and make a noise about it. The truth seems to be—I have arrived at the conclusion reluctantly—that they are not, as a class, worthy of the dedication.

Therefore, I strip it from them, as far as this second dedication is concerned.

I dedicate 80 per cent of this book as it stands to Mr. Christopher Morley, poet, novelist, essayist and Founder of the Three Hours for Lunch Club.

I dedicate the chapter containing the account of the storm at sea to Capt. Deane, of the Cunard Anchor Line ship, the Tuscania. I did not have the advantage of a conference with Capt. Bone before writing it, but he tells me that the seamanship, while unusual, is interesting.

I dedicate the chapter containing the duel scene to Mr. Richard Malchiczen, formerly champion fencer of America, and one of the best in the world. Mr. Malchiczen says he wishes I would consult him before I write another duel scene.

"But, Dick," I told him, "the main part of that duel scene must be all right. I stole it right out of one of Dumas's romances."  
"Dumas didn't know anything about fencing," said Mr. Malchiczen.

I dedicate all of Chapter XVI to the Poetry Society of America and its heirs and assigns forever.

The last three pages of the last chapter I dedicate . . . I was going to say to the King of England, but that is not inclusive enough. I dedicate it to the Kings of England, for all time. I hereby give them the power to hand down this dedication from father to eldest son, just as the crown is handed down. If the present reigning family should ever retire from public life, as the Stuarts and Tudors and Plantagenets retired, the dedication is to go to the royal house which succeeds. I empower the British House of Commons to see that this transfer is properly made and my wishes in this respect are carried out.

I dedicate this Dedication of the Second Edition to the Order of the Silver Collar Legion, of which I myself am the President.

Henry Ford is going to run for President. If he wins, it will not be by a nose.

Wells's "Outline of History," is now being offered at "one-fourth off." Only in price, unfortunately, not in bulk.

College Atheism Not Dangerous.

Headline.  
And, usually, not atheism.

We read an ad in the paper concerning "a chorus of mixed voices." That's the kind the Old Soak should sing in; he has a mixed voice.

Why is it that a Reform usually picks out so many Prunes to champion?

Don Marquis.



**Books and So Forth**  
By Frederic F. Van de Water (F.F.V.)

THE remarks of Harry Leon Wilson, recently relayed to the public through this department, coupled with the undue and gratuitous publicity accorded the Ku-Klux Klan by the press in general, have inspired Philip Curtiss, organizer of the Literary Fascist of America, to become likewise its press agent. Unable to get any newspaper to expose his organization, Mr. Curtiss has done the next best thing and exposed himself. We print his exposure for the benefit of certain correspondents who have asked us about it. In addition, now that Congress has bogged down on the anti-lynching bill, the Literary Fascist of America seems as good a subject as any for it to think about.

"Mr. Wilson (Harry Leon) is already one of our most honored members, not to say demigods," Mr. Curtiss relates. "In our proposed reorganization of the country he is to be placed in command of everything west of the Mississippi, with headquarters in Hollywood. Mr. Hergesheimer, I am sorry to say, has been elected only by the narrowest margin. A year ago, on the strength of 'Java Head' and 'Tubal Cain,' he would have been elected by acclamation, but since then 'Cythara' has appeared and has offended a great many of our members. Our general position on all sex books is, in effect, that most people are conscious of the process of reproduction, but that many modern writers seem to think it has new value. We take firmly the old-fashioned masculine attitude on all matters of smut. . . . However, we also believe in judging a writer by his apparent general intent rather than by any single book, so, if he wishes, Mr. Hergesheimer can come around almost any time and get his badge."

"In naming over individual members I had better say that all members are divided into two classes—active and sustaining. I am the only active member that there is and the others merely sustain me when I think of them."

"Our members do not exclude any class of writers. All that we do insist on is the exclusion of bunk, both of the super-melodramatic and the super-pedantic. For example, any writer who says 'the eyes of her' for 'her eyes' could not be elected. Neither could any critic who names overlong lists of rather obscure foreign artists without giving genuine evidence that he is really familiar with them, that he really likes them and that they arise naturally out of his context."

"In view of our frankly Victorian principles you may be rather surprised at some of the names which have been proposed for membership. The entire editorial board of 'Vanity Fair' is now up for election—on one condition—that they will tell us whether the recent series of articles on certain futurist painters and sculptors are genuine or hoaxes. If they are genuine the candidates will be rejected. If they are magnificent hoaxes the editors will be elected with glee."

"Mr. Scott Fitzgerald, although generally rated as an ultra-modern, has not only been elected to the Fascist, but has been given a vote of sympathy, the first because he is a good writer and a first-rate bunk exploder, and the second because so many idiots don't read his books as serious works, but do go around trying to tell us what he said to some one at Princeton."

"George Jean Nathan will be eagerly elected if he will consent to appear before an examining board of the

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JEANNETTE R. HODGSON.  
New York, Dec. 6, 1922.

**"A Conrad of the Near East"**

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Have you read "Command," by William McFee? I started it on Thanksgiving Day, and I think all readers have great cause for thankfulness. Here we have a Conrad of the Near East, and Salomona is brought before us as we had Bangkok. Those who do not like Conrad had better not read it, for we have the observation and philosophy, as well as the human interest, though lacking certain somber tones that belong, apparently, to Conrad's environment.

JOSEPH D. HOLMES.  
Orange, N. J., Dec. 1, 1922.

Fascist and answer certain questions about his actual knowledge of Hergesheimer and whether he knows of Hergesheimer's real fame in his own country was gained as a statesman, mathematician and not as the author of 'El Gran Galeoto.' Once elected, Nathan must also engage to be a brilliant talents to a little construct work and find how hard it is to do as how easy it is to laugh at.

"At our last meeting the Fascist adopted a briar pipe and a sense of humor as symbols of the order. Its uniform consists of short hair and a three-button coat."

It seems to us that the Fascist would obtain much more publicity if Mr. Curtiss would add a mask to the uniform. There is something about a mask that inspires curiosity and awe and new paper exposures. Mystery is a most compelling thing; women discover that long ago and clothed themselves accordingly. Enlightenment is also disappointing, as every detective story reader knows. If the Fascist mask they will be advanced in a few months to the position of 'a menace to the nation.' On the other hand, if the Ku-Kluxers were to take off their pillow cases, they would stop being a peril automatically and assume their true rank as a little old neo-Nazi secret society.

The long lists of foreign artists whose names sound like born doctors and new kinds of toothpaste, cited by Mr. Nathan and his companions, in erudition, serve, we think, the purposes of masks. They inspire awe and curiosity. Not one in a hundred persons knows who these artists are, and the reader is bound to be "Oooh! if this guy knows about all these birds he must be an authority."

We don't much believe that an authoritative critic has much business on a newspaper anyway. He belongs on one of these magazines whose editors are always citing when they want to crush us utterly. A newspaper isn't, in our estimation, primarily an organ of uplift and advancement. It's an agency for information. A reporter doesn't write a story to improve the human race. His desire is to interest his readers as much as possible in the facts at hand. The best newspaper critics, in our estimation, are those who wear no mask of erudition but are ready and willing to tell "Hey, here's something good!" without any impulse to compare that something with the realistic movement in Czechoslovakia and without any consideration of how posterity is going to regard their verdict. Newspaper critics—aren't they merely Greatest Common Denominators of public taste.

We can say this to-day without any feeling of self-consciousness. We aren't even the commonest sort of dominator. We have tried nihilism to tell the truth about our reactions to art. We have alienated the affections of a valued friend by saying that we liked Sousa better than Brahms. We have said words with wife because we said we liked "Lightnin'"—and by that we meant the late Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'"—but not "As You Like It."

Both friend and wife say we are trying to show off.